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**MIDSUMMER HIGH JINKS  
OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB**

**1909**

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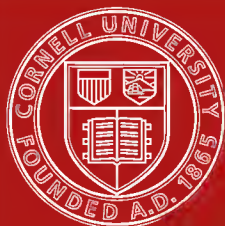
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St. Patrick at Tara, a forest play by H. M.



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**THE MIDSUMMER HIGH JINKS  
OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB  
1909**





# THE GROVE PLAY



# St. Patrick at Tara

## *A Forest Play*

by

H. Morse Stephens

Music by

Wallace A. Sabin

Being the Thirty-Second Annual Midsummer HIGH JINKS of the  
BOHEMIAN CLUB of San Francisco, as performed by Members  
of the Club at the BOHEMIAN GROVE in Sonoma  
County, California, the Seventh Night of  
August, Nineteen Hundred and Nine.



H. Morse Stephens

Sire



TO THE  
**Memory**  
OF  
DENIS O'SULLIVAN

GOOD BOHEMIAN

GOOD IRISHMAN

THIS FOREST PLAY IS

LOVINGLY AND REVERENTLY

DEDICATED



## Preface

The literature on the life and work of St. Patrick is very large and steadily increasing. Noteworthy among the books hitherto published about him for devotional, literary or historical treatment are the lives by Miss M. F. Cusack, (the Nun of Kenmare) ; by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; by the Rev. Father John Morris S. J.; by the Rev. Dr. J. D. Todd, and by Professor J. B. Bury. But these biographies all depend for their historical detail upon the two authentic Patrician documents, the "Confession of Patrick" and the "Letter against Coroticus." These documents have often been translated and reprinted, most conveniently by Dr. Whitley Stokes in *The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick* (Rolls Series, 1887) and by Dr. E. Hogan in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, 1882-83. Though the earliest MSS. of these documents date from the first half of the ninth century, they were undoubtedly extant in the sixth century, and Professor Bury has triumphantly proved their authenticity as genuine writings of St. Patrick against the criticisms of Professors Zimmer and Pflugk-Harttung.

In this Grove-Play the "Confession of Patrick" has been followed literally in the speeches of St. Patrick in the first scene. The deductions of Professor Bury, as to the birth-place of St. Patrick, the chronology of his life, the province of his servitude, his relations with Palladius, the nature of his mission, the probability of the events at Tara, his disputes with the druids and his personality, have been closely followed, and I must express my deep obligations which I cannot state on every page, to Professor Bury's *The Life of St. Patrick and his Place in History*, London and New York, The Macmillan Company, 1905.

It would be pedantic to give a long list of the books that have been laid under contribution for the argument and text of this Grove-

Play, or to defend in a work, which is avowedly imaginative, though based on historical sources and deductions, my views on early Irish civilization and religion. The antiquity of the legends of St. Patrick, such as those of the lighting of the Paschal fire on the Beltane feast, of the contest with the druids and of the raising of the ghost of Cuchulainn, is very great, and they are characteristic of the centuries of the spread of Christianity, in which they arose. The difficulties, which St. Patrick is represented as meeting and the way in which he met them, can be illustrated from the lives of many missionaries. The story of the spread of Christianity under the wing of Rome is the most important subject in the history of modern civilization, and I make no apology in dealing with it in a serious vein at a gathering of the flower of the most modern and most recently founded civilization in the world, that of California. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco stands for the most characteristic manifestation of this most western, American, California civilization in its Grove Play, and to the members of the Club at their annual outing, the traditional High Jinks, this study of the life and work of the patron saint of Ireland, the home of the most western, European, Celtic civilization, is now offered.

The form followed is that of recent Grove Plays with the exception that Care is not symbolized and that a Victim of Care is substituted. For this bold departure from Grove Play traditions I am alone responsible and I hope the veterans of the Bohemian Club will be lenient to me for thus transgressing. Mr. Porter Garnett has shown the trend of the development of the Grove-Plays in his admirable book *The Bohemian Jinks, a Treatise*, San Francisco: The Bohemian Club, 1908, and I have but hearkened back to the idea set forth by Dr. Arnold in his High Jinks of 1901, *The Enigma of Life*, the first, which I had the pleasure of witnessing. In an attempt to get the form and rhythm of Irish songs I have in *The Song of Connaught* deliberately imitated Lionel Johnson's "To Morfydd" and in *The Song of Ulster* Moira O'Neill's "A Broken Song," both reprinted in *A Little Garland of Celtic Verse*, Portland, Maine: T. B. Mosher, 1907.



Last I must thank a crowd of collaborators for their assistance. The whole Bohemian Club seems to have stretched out its hand to help, as was to be expected from a body of men, to whom club membership means a closer bond of friendship than exists in other clubs. But my special thanks are due to the last and present Boards of Directors, and to their respective Jinks Committees, who have given ungrudging and unstinted help. I cannot mention the individual actors and singers, who have given liberally their time and best efforts to make the play a success, but I can never forget their kindness, nor the valuable aid their experience has afforded to me. The music of my friend, Mr. Wallace Sabin, is worthy of the theme, and the club will surely recognize the talent of the composer, though I alone can know the vast amount of care and labor he has expended; as far as the songs and choruses are concerned he deserves all the credit, as I have been but the librettist to his musical invention. Mr. Frank Mathieu has devoted his patience and energy to the work of giving dramatic value to the first attempt of a novice in the art of dramatic composition and the merit of such stage-craft as there may be in this Grove Play is entirely due to him. Mr. Duffey has handled the lighting upon the hill-side with the peculiar skill, which is his own, and has shown positive genius in elaborating new means to give full impressiveness to the unique stage, which the Bohemian Club possesses among the redwoods. Mr. George Lyon is responsible for the mechanical effectiveness of the stage setting. To my dear friends and colleagues at the Academy of Pacific Coast History and the University of California, Mr. F. J. Teggart and Mr. Porter Garnett, I am indebted for constant aid and sympathy; the former has placed his encyclopædic knowledge and daring originality of thought and feeling freely at my service; the latter has been my guide from the length of his experience of the Grove and the mastery of its mysteries and possibilities in multitudinous details, and in particular has designed the costumes for the play and superintended the production of this book; without their loving care and encouragement this play would never have been produced. And last I must make acknowledgment of my debt to Dr. John

Wilson Shiels, good friend, kind physician, and past president of the Bohemian Club, whose dramatic insight suggested the human interest in the play, when it was first sketched out to him in conversation, and whose suggestion of the climax gives to it whatever dramatic value it may possess.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

# Argument

In the year 432 A. D., the news spread over Ireland that a band of missionaries from continental Europe had landed to preach the Gospel of Christianity, headed by a Briton, named Patricius or Patrick, who had been consecrated a bishop for that purpose in Gaul. The Christian religion was already known in the southern Province of Munster through British slaves and captives in war, and in the previous year a certain Palladius had been designated by Pope Celestine for the correction of the Pelagian heresy among them, but he had died in Leinster shortly after arriving upon his mission. At the news of the landing of Patrick, the High King of all Ireland, has summoned the kings or chiefs of the kingdoms of Ireland to meet at the holy Hill of Tara in the Meath to consider the way in which the Christian missionaries should be received.

The condition of Ireland in 432 was a condition of tribal warfare. It was true that each of the provinces recognized a sort of supreme chief or king, and that these kings generally elected at this time as high king or *ardrigh*, the King of the Meath, the central province, in which the sacred Hill of Tara was situated. But the powers of the high king were very limited, and he presided, rather than ruled over Ireland. Occasionally the kings all met at Tara to discuss national questions, but the decisions taken by the Council were not binding, and the high king or *ardrigh* had no power to enforce them. Such a Council has been called to discuss the preaching of St. Patrick, and this is the moment chosen for the action of the Grove Play.\* The Hill of Tara was surrounded by temporary booths and each king of a province arrived, attended by a large body of

\* "Now it was a custom of the High Kings to hold a great celebration, called the Feast of Tara, to which the under-kings were invited. It was an opportunity for discussing the common affairs of the realm." Bury, p. 112.

retainers. The *ardrigh*, King of Meath, presided and prepared the meeting place and the necessary banquets. The ruins of the old banqueting hall, the only permanent building at Tara, are still to be seen.

The kings of the five provinces of Ireland exercised as little power over the tribes within their limits, as the high king exercised over them. Each tribe or *sept* was a political unit, and had its own laws and customs, and the different tribes were always fighting against each other and against the king of the province. The power of each king and tribal chieftain depended on his personal qualities, and the custom of "Tanistry," by which a successor to each king and tribal chieftain was chosen at the same time as the actual ruler, provided an endless opportunity for rebellion and civil war. While the kings and chieftains were the rulers in peace and the leaders in war, the most important persons next to them in the kingdoms and tribes were the "*brehons*" or judges. These officials preserved the laws of the tribes;—whence the old Irish laws are known as the "Brehon Laws." The druids were rather soothsayers and diviners than priests, and they expounded the official religion of the Irish people. The old Irish literature frequently describes their religious controversies with St. Patrick, and therefore much of the dispute with Patrick in this Grove Play has been put into the mouths of the *brehons* and druids, rather than into the mouths of the kings, who were rather rulers and warriors.

Ireland had never been conquered by the Romans and had never been part of the Roman Empire, and therefore had neither roads nor cities nor commerce nor Christianity in the fifth century after Christ. Its organization was purely tribal; its civilization was purely pastoral; its religion was purely Nature-worship. It represented the untouched development of Celtic life, Celtic literature and Celtic religion. Elsewhere, in Spain, Gaul and Britain, Celtic life had been destroyed or modified by the Roman conquest, and what was left of Celtic ideals and Celtic customs in Cornwall, Wales, Galloway and the Highlands of Scotland, was more or less affected by the neighborhood of the Roman Empire. So from Irish literature alone can

be obtained an idea of the unaffected Celtic life and religion. But the remains of Irish literature that have come down to us, such as the Book of Kells, the Book of Armagh, the Book of Lismore and the Book of the Dun Cow, were all put together after the acceptance of Christianity by the Irish people, and it is therefore difficult to pick out the unadulterated truth about the life and religion of the Irish people in pre-Christian days. Our best source for their religion is in the legends of St. Patrick and of the way in which he converted the Irish to Christianity. Of these legends free use has been made in the Grove Play, especially in the story of the Paschal fire and of the appearance of the ghost of Cuchulainn. Our best source for a knowledge of the early Irish life is in the Brehon Laws, and these have been drawn upon for the general setting.

The early Irish religion seems to have been pure Nature-worship. Like other races in the pastoral stage of civilization, the Irish were terrified by the forces of Nature, by the sun and the thunder, by the succession of the seasons and of night to day, and they worshipped the sun, the fruitful earth, which gave pasture to their cattle, their sole source of wealth, and the trees and bushes and green grass. They had hardly got to the stage of conceiving a god of nature behind the powers of nature, nor had they gone far on the road to worshipping moral and physical qualities. Though they did not actually worship ancestors, they yet revered the memory of heroes, and gave them superhuman powers, as in the stories of Fingal and Cuchulainn. Of a different type was their reverence for the memory of historic heroes, such as Cormac Mac Art, the mythical lawgiver of Munster, round whose name had gathered tales of legislative wisdom, and Niall of the Nine Hostages, the warrior leader who had harried Roman Britain.

The treatment of the five kings, the five druids and the five brehons is purely imaginative, but it is based upon certain historical characteristics of the pre-Christian people of Ireland. The most beautiful poetry of early Ireland is of Ulster origin. The stories of the Red Branch, the songs of Nature poetry, the poetical tales of warfare, the mysterious legends of tribal sleep, all bear witness

to the effect of the wild scenery of northern Ireland upon a poor and poetical race of mountaineers and sea-farers. For this reason, the Brehon and Druid from Oriel, one of the three kingdoms of Ulster, are represented as enthusiasts with a poetical love of Nature, with a fervid adoration of the old religion, the old gods and the old heroes, and with a shuddering horror at the idea of worshipping "a dead man." Both of them and the King of Oriel are represented as belonging to the straight-haired, black haired type of Celtic Irishman, full of mysticism and poetry, and to one of them is assigned a religious Irish song. Munster, the southern province of Ireland, is contrasted with Ulster. Munster abounds in good pasturage and is rich in fat cattle; the price of butter is still fixed in Cork market; and the man from Munster with his rich Cork brogue is the typical Irish humorist. Therefore the King and the Brehon and Druid of Munster are represented as jolly, red-haired, corpulent Irish Celts; the Brehon has a drinking song; the King tries good-naturedly to stop all trouble; they are good-natured, irresponsible and full of fun. They are horrified at the ascetic side of Patrick's teaching—no more fun, drink and jollity. While Ulster shivers at replacing the worship of beautiful living things of Nature by the worship of a dead man, Munster shrinks from giving up the joys of life for self-denial and fasting and prayer. Leinster, the eastern province, represents political, Celtic Ireland. Its closer touch with Wales and Britain caused the Leinster king to fear in Christianity not the religion nor the asceticism, but the overthrow of the old tribal life and government. Christianity in continental Europe had associated itself with the Roman government; the Pope at Rome supported settled civilization; obedience and discipline were the key-notes of the Roman Church; Patrick brought his mission from Rome; and Christianity would mean settled law instead of ancient custom, and it would also mean a hierarchy of ecclesiastical and civil officials in the place of the old individual freedom under patriarchal leadership. This is made the basis of the opposition of the King of Leinster to Patrick's preaching.

But the Celtic civilization in Ireland overlaid a still older civilization. The legends of the wars between the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danaan bring this out clearly. In the wild and barren western province of Ireland, Connaught, are still to be seen men of the pre-Celtic race—especially in the Joyce country in Galway—short, stocky, men with hard round skulls, covered with short, bristly, black hair. The King of Connaught in the Grove Play represents this pre-Celtic race—a bestial, ferocious creature, a slave to his passions, and ever ready to fight. To him the loathsome part of Patrick's teaching is the call for restraining his passions, and especially "the Gospel of Peace." His brehon is of the same type, but with some finer instincts. He is affected by dwelling on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; he recalls the vague stories of sailors drifting away over the ocean to a mythical western continent; he like his king shrinks from Patrick's doctrine, but not so crudely. To him the ocean and the setting sun are religion; and human passions are sacred. He is loyal to his king with the loyalty of a dog, and he is ready with his own life to defend the crimes and vices of his chief. His druid knows that the old religion must pass away and in *The Song of Connaught* states the belief that a new religion would come from the West, from across the Atlantic Ocean.

Meath, the middle kingdom, which touched all the others, always stood in historic times for the unity of Ireland. It was the smallest of the five kingdoms and had no sea coast; it contained the holy Hill of Tara, where the Irish chieftains occasionally met; and its king was during this period habitually chosen *ardrigh* or presiding king of all Ireland, partly because of the central position of his kingdom. The King of Meath in the Grove Play represents the love of Ireland, a nation; he appears as an old man with white hair and beard; his druid chants the praises of Ireland in *The Song of Erin*, and he himself shows a passionate love for her and her past and her heroes of old time. His opposition to Patrick's preaching lies in its rejection of her ancestral faith, in its renunciation of her ancestral heroes and it is to convince him that Patrick raises the ghost of Cuchulainn. The historic Laogaire, son of Niall of the Nine

Hostages, and contemporary of St. Patrick, was King of Meath and "High King" or "*Ardrigh*" of all Ireland from 425 A. D. to 463 A. D. During his reign the "*Senchus Mor*" or code of Irish laws was drawn up, and many councils are recorded to have taken place at Tara. He showed himself tolerant to Christianity, which was embraced by many of his relatives, but he himself refused to be converted and remained faithful to his ancestral religion. Many legends are told of his interviews with St. Patrick and of his obstinate paganism. He fought many wars with Leinster, not always with success, and was killed during one of them in 463, just two years after the death of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick, whose arrival at the Hill of Tara is the spring of the action of the Grove Play, and the chief points of whose arguments over the thirty years of his mission up and down Ireland, are concentrated into a single day, was born in 389 A. D. and was therefore a man of forty-three at the time of his coming to Ireland in 432 A. D. He was born of a Romanized Celtic stock in South Wales,—the old identification of Bannaventa with Dumbarton in Scotland has been disproved by Professor Bury—and in his "Confession" he describes how he was stolen by Irish pirates in his boyhood and made to work as a slave herd-boy for many years. He came of a family which had taken part in the government of his native place, and was bred a Christian. During his slave days, he fell in love with the beauty of the Irish scenery and the character of the Irish people, their many virtues and general charm, and legend says that he vowed that if ever he escaped from slavery, he would seek the support of the Holy Father, the Pope, at Rome and would return to convert the Irish people to Christianity. In his "Confession" he describes how he did escape and went to Gaul, and his own account is closely followed in the first scene of the Grove Play. He made his way to Lérins, a little island religious community in the Mediterranean, off the southern coast of France, and there received the rudiments of a religious education. But he never became very well educated and he complains in his "Confession" of his lack of literary facility and his *rusticitas*. In 418 he visited his relatives



in Britain, and it was there that in a dream he felt himself summoned to the work of converting the Irish to Christianity. He went to Auxerre in Gaul, where he was ordained deacon by Bishop Amator, and he was on his way to Ireland thirteen years later, when he was suddenly called back to Auxerre, consecrated a bishop by Saint Germanus, and appointed to the Irish mission in the place of Palladius in 431. The chief events of St. Patrick's later life, apart from the incidents of his missionary journeys in Ireland, were his visit to Rome during the papacy of Pope Leo the Great in 441, and his selection and foundation of Armagh in Ulster as the primatial or metropolitan church of Ireland in 444. It is quite certain that Christianity was already established in the south of Ireland before Patrick arrived, but it had no organization or regular standing as part of the religious scheme of Christendom. Patrick is said to have converted all Ireland by the time of his death in 461 A. D. The legends of his teaching and preaching show him to have possessed ready wit, much controversial power and a fund of human sympathy.

"The bitter hostility of the druids," writes Professor Bury, "and the relations of Laogaire to Patrick were worked up by Irish imagination into a legend, which ushers in the saint upon the scene of his work with great spectacular effect. The story represents him as resolving to celebrate the first Easter after his landing in Ireland on the Hill of Slaney, which rises high above the left bank of the Boyne at about twelve miles from its mouth. On the night of Easter eve he and his companions lit the Paschal fire, and on that self-same night it so chanced that the King of Ireland held a high and solemn festival in his palace at Tara, where the kings and nobles of the land gathered together. It was the custom that on that night of the year no fire should be lit until a fire had been kindled with solemn ritual in the royal house." (Bury, p. 104.) With this incident begins the Grove Play.



## Plot of the Play

It is the morning of Easter Sunday, in the spring of 432 A. D. The Steward of the *ardrigh*, or presiding king of all Ireland, at that time the King of Meath, is directing the preparations of the servants for the council of the kings of the provinces of Ireland, who have been summoned to Tara to decide upon the policy to be adopted towards St. Patrick, the news of whose arrival in Ireland, and of whose mission, has stirred all Irish hearts. The hour is just before sunrise, when suddenly there flares upon the horizon the red light of a fire. The Steward and servants are horrified, for it is the feast of Beltane, and an old law strictly forbade, under pain of death, the lighting of any fire, except by the druids upon that day. It is the Paschal fire, lit by Patrick and his followers for the celebration of the Easter sacrifice.

The sun rises and the music of an Irish march is heard. Then five processions enter by different entrances; first, the King and Brehon of Leinster in their saffron colored robes, with a Druid in white and their retainers in light blue; they take their seats to the right of the stage; another blare of the march, and the King and Brehon of Munster, with another Druid, enter with their retainers in dark blue; they take their place to the left of the stage; another blare of the march and the Connaught procession enters, clad in dark red, and they take their place to the right of the High King's throne; another blare of the march and the Ulster procession enters, clad in bright red, and they take their place to the left of the High King's throne; the march rises in intensity and the old High King enters with his Brehon and his Druid and his retainers in green, and takes his seat in the center of the stage. The music ceases, and the High King signs to his Brehon to open the matter, which all have

assembled to discuss, when the Steward rushes forward and interrupts him with the news that the edict against fire has been infringed and that a red blaze has been seen on the horizon. The Kings of Oriel and Connaught demand the immediate punishment of the offender, though from different standpoints; the Kings of Munster and Leinster counsel mildness and delay, though from different standpoints; the High King accepts this counsel and sends his Steward with twelve men, namely the four servants and two chosen from the retainers of each of the other four kings to bring the offender before the Council. They go up the hillside in the direction of the fire, which flares up for a last moment as they climb upwards.

The Council opens with a speech from the Brehon of Meath, describing the reason for the summons, and the treatment of Patrick is being discussed, when there enters an Irish chieftain, a sad and melancholy man, whose saffron robe is tattered and whose misery is written on his face. He tells his tale. He bears the burden of *Care*. He tells how his home has been burned, how his chaste wife has been ravished and his children slain. Attempts are made to comfort him, when suddenly the King of Leinster shows him the grinning face of the King of Connaught. It flashes across the Chieftain that it is the King of Connaught, his neighbor and lord, who has done him this wrong. Hope of revenge flashes up and he dashes at the King of Connaught with his dagger drawn. The Brehon of Connaught leaps forward to meet the blow and save his master, while the King continues to grin sardonically, but shows no fear. The Chieftain is at last subdued, and removed to be brought before the Council at a later session. At this moment the *Pange Lingua* is heard from the hilltop, and at the top of the hillside is seen a procession approaching. It is led by a crucifer bearing a cross; he is followed by St. Patrick in his episcopal robes, and by eight missionaries chanting the processional; and after them come the Steward of the High King with the twelve men, who had been sent to bring the offender who had lighted the forbidden fire. Meanwhile the crowd on the stage watches the procession.

When Patrick and his followers reach the stage, the Steward declares that he has brought the offender who had lit the forbidden fire. Patrick explains the circumstances, describes his early slave life in Ireland, expounds his mission, and expresses his longing to see Ireland Christian. He is interrupted on all sides, when the High King rises, declares the Council adjourned, and announces that the whole matter will be discussed after the usual feast and revels. The Kings and their retainers retire to the music of the Irish March in the reverse order from that in which they entered; Patrick looks sadly after them. The missionaries again chant the *Pange Lingua*, and leave the stage, escorted by the Steward. The stage darkens.

### INTERMEZZO.

Enter the retainers of the Kings, noisy, exhilarated and partially intoxicated. The Brehon of Munster leads in a drinking song which is followed by the dancing of an Irish jig. Enter the Kings themselves from the banquet. The King of Connaught is quarrelsomely drunk; the King of Munster mellow with liquor; the King of Leinster has drunk enough to loosen his tongue; the King of Ulster is sober and looks cynically on the noisy scene, while his Druid is sober and indignant; the old High King takes his seat, looking sadly at the spectacle of such riotous behavior, but yet sympathetically at the joyous nature of the scene. The tumult is hushed; the drunken King of Munster falls into a drunken sleep; and, by the High King's orders, Patrick and his missionaries are introduced by one entrance, under escort of the Steward of Meath, and the Chieftain, the Victim of Care, under the escort of the Brehon of Leinster, by another.

Patrick looks sternly round, perceives the continued excitement in the air and sees that his opportunity has come. The Victim of Care has resumed the sadness of his original entrance, but glances from time to time in fierce anger at his enemy, the King of Connaught, who grins back at him in drunken malevolence. The Brehon of Connaught watches the Chieftain heedfully, ready at any moment to protect his King. The King and Brehon of Leinster show by their actions their sympathy with the Chieftain. On the

other side of the stage, the King and the Brehon of Ulster watch every movement and listen to every word of Patrick, while the King of Munster is in a drunken sleep and the Brehon of Munster fuddled, but awake. The High King presides with dignity. The Victim of Care is at his entrance utterly indifferent to Patrick, but he gradually becomes absorbed in his words and approaches closer and closer to him.

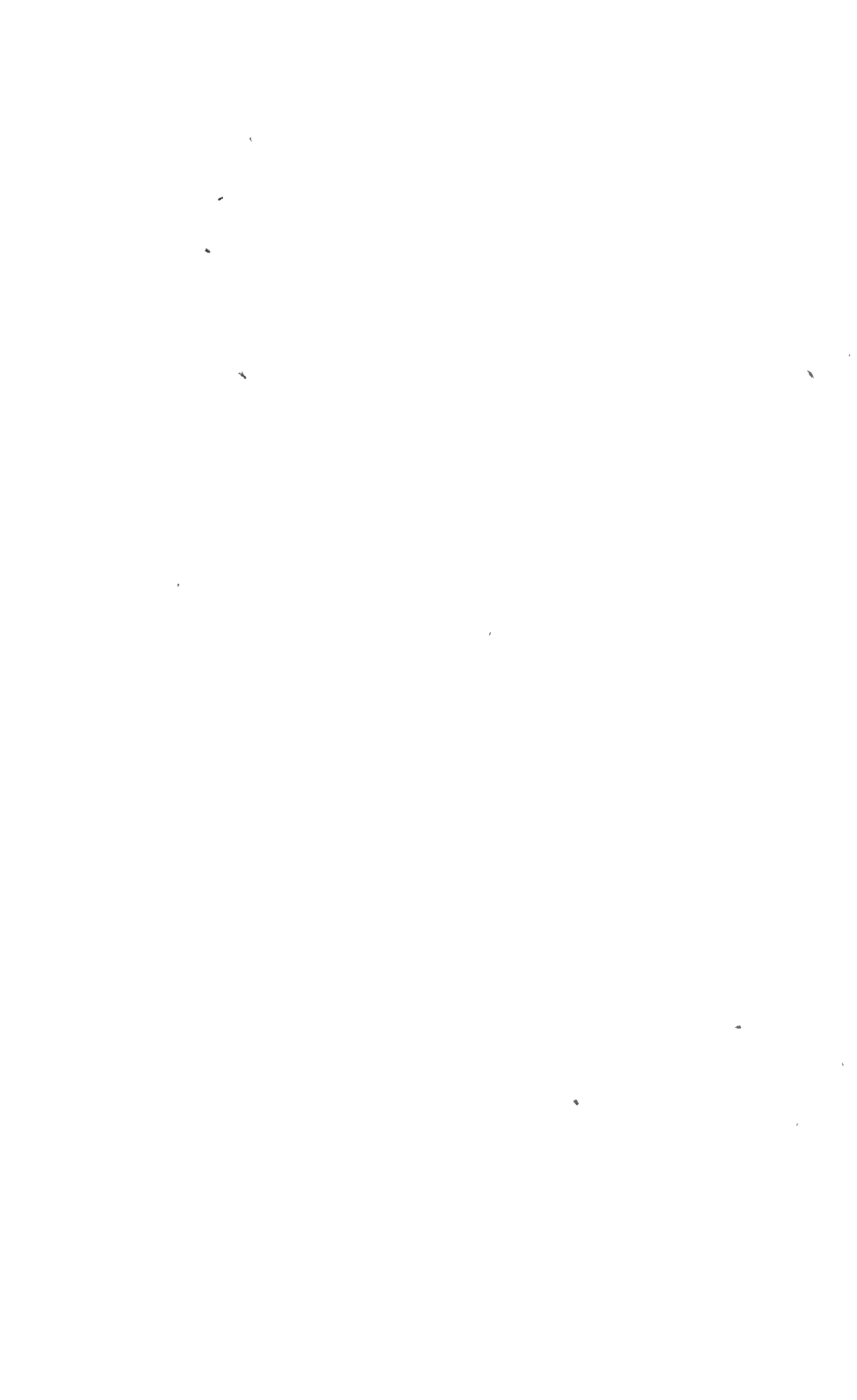
The High King calls on Patrick to speak. Patrick speaks. As he speaks of the universal character of Christendom and the greatness of Rome, the King of Leinster interrupts and praises the individualism and the political and social freedom of the Irish Celts. Then as Patrick speaks of the sobriety of Christianity, the Brehon of Munster interrupts with the praise of liquor, as "gods' good creature"; Patrick catches his tone and playfully promises to drive all the snakes out of Ireland, since these snakes are largely the result of the drunkard's fuddled brain. Then Patrick speaks of the virtues of Christianity and of his God as the God of Peace. The King of Connaught brutally interrupts and shouts his praise of fighting and vice. Then Patrick attacks Druidism and the Druid of Oriel opposes Patrick's teaching as unpatriotic and sacrilegious. The Chieftain, Victim of Care, is attracted by an allusion to immortality and comes up close to Patrick. Then the High King, in solemn words, speaks of the ancestral heroes of Ireland, and asks if they, even the great Cuchulainn, are damned because they were not Christians. To this argument Patrick replies with dignity; he calls on God to aid him; his missionaries chant; Patrick prays aloud; he waves his arm; and the Spirit of Cuchulainn appears. A brief dialogue ensues, taken as nearly as possible in the very words of the old Irish legend; and the spirit or ghost of Cuchulainn disappears, leaving the whole Council profoundly impressed. By this time the effect of the riotous drinking is passing away. But Patrick has not yet convinced them. Surely the old beautiful Nature gods, their old tribal freedom, their old jolly pleasures, their old indulgence in war and vice, are preferable to this cold new faith in a "gibbeted man." The human touch is lacking. It comes. The Chieftain, Victim of

care and sorrow, tells his tale briefly to Patrick; and Patrick sympathetically hears him, tells him of an after life, of a heaven, where all care and sorrow are forgotten, of a place where he may meet his loved ones again. The crowd is touched; the Victim of Care declares his belief in the new religion, and kneels before Patrick begging to be received into the church that promises such solace for care and sorrow. Suddenly, angered at the attitude of the Council and its rallying to Patrick's side, the Druid of Oriel dashes at Patrick with his dagger drawn and strikes at him; but the Chieftain, Victim of Care, springs to save Patrick and receives the blow. As he sinks to the ground, he asks for a further proof of the truth of the religion he has just embraced; the Kings of Leinster and Oriel hold him up, and Patrick waves his arm thrice toward the hillside, where a great white Cross appears. The missionaries chant the *Veni Creator*; the crowd all fall upon their knees, except the High King and the Druids; even the King of Munster is awakened and flops on his knees; even the King of Connaught is awed; the forest is illuminated behind the Cross; the music indicates the victory of the Christian chant over the music of the opening Irish march; St. Patrick raises his hand in blessing over the dying Victim of Care, who slowly sinks back dead.





# ST. PATRICK AT TARA



# Dramatis Personæ

|                                   |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| KING OF MEATH, the High King..... | F. P. Deering    |
| BREHON OF MEATH.....              | E. D. Peixotto   |
| A DRUID OF MEATH.....             | T. V. Bakewell   |
| KING OF ORIEL IN ULSTER.....      | C. K. Field      |
| BREHON OF ORIEL.....              | Oscar Frank      |
| A DRUID FROM ORIEL.....           | W. H. Smith, Jr. |
| KING OF LEINSTER.....             | Allan Dunn       |
| BREHON OF LEINSTER.....           | I. O. Upham      |
| A DRUID FROM LEINSTER.....        | Wyatt H. Allen   |
| KING OF MUNSTER.....              | Waldemar Young   |
| BREHON OF MUNSTER.....            | W. B. Hopkins    |
| A DRUID FROM MUNSTER.....         | R. M. STEELE     |
| KING OF CONNAUGHT.....            | R. C. Newell     |
| BREHON OF CONNAUGHT.....          | Frank Corbusier  |
| A DRUID FROM CONNAUGHT.....       | Lowell Redfield  |
| STEWARD OF THE HIGH KING.....     | W. H. Robinson   |
| APPARITION OF CUCHULAINN.....     | H. McD. Spencer  |
| A CHIEFTAIN.....                  | J. Wilson Shiels |
| ST. PATRICK.....                  | R. M. Hotaling   |
| A CRUCIFER.....                   | J. D. Fletcher   |
| FIRST SERVANT.....                | J. C. Dornin     |
| SECOND SERVANT.....               | W. J. Wayte      |
| THIRD SERVANT.....                | G. W. Turner     |
| FOURTH SERVANT.....               | R. P. Merritt    |

Retainers of the five kings, Missionaries.

PLACE: The Hill of Tara, in the Meath, Ireland.

TIME: Easter Sunday, A. D. 432.

SCENE I. Dawn.

SCENE II. Evening of the same day.

# The Chorus

E. D. CRANDALL, Chorus Master.

RETAINERS OF THE KING OF MEATH—C. E. Bundschu, R. L. Countryman, C. E. Engvick, E. E. Jones, E. C. Little, F. Z. Button, E. D. Crandall, W. H. Hamm, A. F. Lawton, E. M. Moore.

RETAINERS OF THE KING OF ORIEL—H. C. Allen, J. R. Harry, Geo. S. Johnson, W. F. Keene, W. A. Mitchell, Paul Otey, J. D. Ruggles, E. Z. Taylor, F. E. Wilkins, M. L. R. Oksen.

RETAINERS OF THE KING OF LEINSTER—Harold Baxter, T. G. Elliott, R. E. Fisher, P. D. Gaskill, Walter Kneiss, E. W. Roland, Benj. Romaine, Benj. Stich, A. W. Sperry, M. White, R. L. Phelps, W. F. Davis.

RETAINERS OF THE KING OF MUNSTER—A. A. Abrogast, R. M. Dodsworth, Chris. Heinz, John McEwing, H. C. McCurrie, Matthew McCurrie, C. D. Pinkham, G. D. Reynolds, J. R. Weeks, C. A. Smith.

RETAINERS OF THE KING OF CONNAUGHT—P. S. Carlton, F. S. Chase, C. J. Evans, R. B. Heath, R. I. Lynas, F. S. Mitchell, W. P. Nielsen, P. J. Oksen, C. D. Purlenky.

MISSIONARIES—C. E. Anderson, W. G. Glenn, P. J. Mohr, Harald Pracht, E. H. McCandlish, H. L. Perry, J. de P. Teller, G. C. Farley.

Stage Director: FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Illumination by EDWARD J. DUFFEY. Effects by GEORGE E. LYON.

Costumes and Properties designed by PORTER GARNETT and executed by Goldstein & Co. under the direction of Mme. Jahn and John C. Merritt.

Calcium Lights by F. W. French.

Stereopticon by B. F. White.

## Plan of the Music

- 1 PRELUDE
- 2 MARCH OF THE IRISH KINGS (WITH CHORUS)
- 3 SONG OF CONNAUGHT
- 4 SONG OF ULSTER
- 5 PROCESSIONAL ("PANGE LINGUA")
- 6 CHORUS OF RETREAT
- 7 INTERMEZZO
- 8 ENTRANCE OF REVELLERS
- 9 DRINKING SONG (WITH CHORUS)
- 10 IRISH DANCE (JIG)
- 11 SONG OF ERIN
- 12 "VENI CREATOR"
- 13 APPARITION MUSIC
- 14 FINALE

*Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean ;  
The world has grown grey from thy breath.*

Swinburne.

*When the half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.*

Emerson.

# St. Patrick at Tara

## Scene I.

*The stage is set for the Council of the Kings of Ireland, which has been called upon the news of the landing of BISHOP PATRICK in Ireland. There are five chairs or thrones for the KINGS OF ORIEL in Ulster, MUNSTER, LEINSTER, CONNAUGHT and MEATH. The throne of the KING OF MEATH, who is ARDRIGH or HIGH KING of all Ireland, is in the center; to the right, the thrones of the KINGS OF ORIEL and MUNSTER; to the left, the thrones of the KINGS OF CONNAUGHT and LEINSTER. The gray of dawn. Enter the STEWARD OF THE HIGH KING and with him four SERVANTS OF THE HIGH KING, carrying fresh brush.*

STEWARD:

This is the place,

Where meet the chiefs of Ireland to discuss  
Affairs of import to the island realm,  
The holy Hill of Tara; from time to time  
Forgetting ancient strife and bitter war,  
They here assemble to decide the fate  
Of Ireland's future and the Irish state.

FIRST SERVANT: Why meets the Council at this present time?

STEWARD:

The news arrived not many months ago  
Of foreign wizards landing on this shore,  
Attacking the beliefs of former days,  
Disturbing with strange words the minds of men  
Who worship as their fathers did of old,  
And working wonders, which surpass in skill,  
In miracle and in prophetic truth,  
All that our druids do. This the High King,  
Learning from many sources, felt to be

So great a menace to our Irish faith,  
That he sent forth his summons through the land  
To all the kings of Ireland to come here,  
During the sacred season of Beltane,  
To the old accustomed council place of kings,  
The holy Hill of Tara, to decide,  
What steps to take against the wizards, who  
Have dared deny old Ireland's cherished gods.

SECOND SERVANT: By what name, sir, are these foul wizards called?

STEWARD: I know not; but the leader of the band,  
A British slave, who broke his bonds and fled,  
Once kept the flocks of sheep of old Miliucc.  
He on returning caused the flames to fall  
From Heaven by magic to consume the hall  
Of his old master and destroy it all. (*Pause.*)  
But cease this idle talking; get to work—  
Give the last touches to the Council place—  
Remove the branches and the leaves that fell  
During the night; make fair the thrones of kings.  
For days I've labored with unceasing toil  
That all things shall be fit and proper for  
This morning's council. The first streaks of dawn  
Show in the east. As I came through the camps,  
I heard the din among the followers  
Of Ireland's kings, for each is trying hard  
To outshine the others, and I deem it wise  
In the High King to limit close the force  
That each might bring to Council; else, no doubt,  
Unequal strength might tempt from words to  
blows.

All night I watched in darkness, for the law  
Of Beltane's feast is strict, that none shall light  
On pain of death a fire upon this night. (*Pause.*)

*(During this speech, the servants are busied in removing the  
branches and the leaves.)*



THIRD SERVANT: How sit the kings in council? Why five thrones?

STEWARD (*pointing*): Here to the right sits Munster—a stout king,  
Fond of strong drink and hearty jollity;  
O'er Ireland's richest kingdom holds he rule,  
Lord of fat cattle and of pastures green;  
With him his brehon and chief druid come,  
Both lusty men and worthy such a king,  
With ten men more in dark blue garments clad.  
And next (*pointing*) from Ulster's northern land  
there comes

The King of Oriel, a black-haired chief,  
Full of strange fancies and fantastic thoughts,  
Adoring ancient gods and ancient rites.  
By him his sweet-voiced brehon always sits,  
Charming his gloom with Red Branch legends old  
And tales of Nature's beauty, till the fame  
Of that sweet music spreads throughout the land  
With him there comes a druid from the North,  
A ruthless worshipper of altars old  
And fierce adorer of the ancient gods.

FOURTH SERVANT: And who sit, master, on the other thrones?

STEWARD (*pointing*): Over there, the savage King of Connaught—  
Black-browed and bullet-headed, fierce in fight—  
Belonging to an older race than the  
Milesians of Erin, and he dwells  
Close to the ocean with a savage horde  
Of noisy ruffians, faithful to the death.

FOURTH SERVANT: My mother told me tales of these wild men,  
Their love of vengeance and their cruel deeds,  
Which frightened from me many an hour of sleep.

STEWARD: Last of our visitors there (*pointing*) has his seat  
The King of Leinster, our defeated foe,  
Who has forgot his quarrel with our king,  
To sit in council at this present time,

And give advice upon the issue raised.  
A politic king is he, and well endowed  
With Irish wit and Irish shrewdness, too,  
Knowing the world well, and not terrified  
By old-time gods and new-time prophecies.  
He brings his brehon and a druid, too;  
But asks not counsel of them like the rest,  
Being his own best counsellor, he thinks.  
His band is with him clad in brilliant blue.

FIRST SERVANT (*climbing to the HIGH KING's seat, and clearing it of leaves*): This, then, must be the seat of Laogaire,  
High King of Ireland, our most gracious lord,  
Since it o'erlooks the rest, and he presides  
In Ireland's councils.

SECOND SERVANT (*aiding him*): But he is also  
King of the Meath, our middle kingdom famed,  
Which touches all the others, and itself  
Is heart of Ireland, for its bounds include  
This holy Hill of Tara where we pray.

STEWARD: Yes, make all fit for good King Laogaire,  
High King of Ireland, valiant, wise and just,  
Who ne'er forgives an injury, yet holds  
Rein on his passions; whose reverend age  
Makes the more youthful listen, and whose fame  
Makes them obey; who, loving well the old,  
Yet lends his ear when novel tales are told.

*(Red flame flashes up on the hillside.)*

THIRD SERVANT: Master! the flame!

FOURTH SERVANT: Look how it flashes bright!

FIRST SERVANT: The Heaven's afire!

SECOND SERVANT: It reddens all in sight!

STEWARD: What means this fire on Beltane's sacred night?  
The law is known. The punishment is death.

All night I watched in darkness for the dawn,  
Despite official duties pressing me.

*(The flame flares up again.)*

It seems to come from Slaney, just across  
The valley,\* and some stranger must have lit  
A blazing bonfire, for no son of Meath  
Could have ignored the law.

*(The flame dies down.)*

Now it dies down—

I must at once to the High King repair  
And tell him of this sacrilegious fire.  
For from the other scarpment of the hill  
The light could not be seen.

*(He moves to leave the stage.)*

But 'tis too late;  
I hear the tramp of footsteps coming near.

*(He comes back to the center of the stage.)*

So I must wait until the chiefs are set  
And in full council tell this fearful crime  
And breach of Beltane's laws.

*(Giving orders to the SERVANTS.)*

Stand ye right here,  
While I prepare to marshal forth the kings.

MARCH OF THE IRISH KINGS.

*(Enter the Leinster procession. It marches across stage, led by the KING walking ahead of his BREHON and DRUID, and followed by ten men in light blue.)*

LEINSTER MEN (*singing*):

We are sons of glorious Leinster,  
From the east we come;

\* "The distance of Tara from Slaney is about ten miles." (Bury, p. 104, note.)

We are sons of glorious Leinster,  
Fair is our eastern home.  
Our land is rich in harbors fair,  
We sail the Irish Sea,  
Others with us cannot compare,  
Strong and brave and free.

*(Enter the Munster procession. It marches across stage, led by the KING, singing merrily, with one arm around his BREHON, who carries a jar of liquor and two cups, and with his DRUID by his side, followed by ten men in dark blue.)*

MUNSTER MEN (*singing*):

Munster men are we, lusty fellows we,  
From the south we come;  
We, the sons of happy Munster,  
Love our southern home.  
Where the land is rich with verdure  
Hearts from care are free;  
Where the sky is bright, and the work is light,  
Men of the south are we.

*(Enter the Connaught procession. It marches across and up stage, led by the KING, stalking ahead and scowling, followed at some distance by his BREHON and DRUID and by ten men in dark red.)*

CONNAUGHT MEN (*singing*):

We, the men of rock-bound Connaught,  
From the west have come;  
We, the war-like sons of Connaught,  
Sing of our western home,  
Where the ocean breeze is surging  
Through the fog and mist.  
To the fight we need no urging,  
Hard of heart and fist.

*(Enter the Ulster procession. It marches across and up stage, led by the KING OF ORIEL in friendly guise with his BREHON and DRUID followed by ten men in bright red.)*

ULSTER MEN (*singing*):

We, the valiant sons of Ulster,  
From our hills have come;  
From the cold, bleak winds of Ulster,  
From our northern home.  
Where the ancient gods are loved now,  
As they were of old,  
And the Red Branch legends tell how  
Men were brave and bold.

*(Enter the HIGH KING's procession. It marches round and up stage; twelve men in green march first in the same quick step as the others, singing, and are followed by the HIGH KING, walking very slowly and bowing to the other Kings, closely supported by his BREHON and DRUID.)*

HIGH KING'S MEN (*singing*):

We are men of central Ireland,  
Middle Meath our home;  
Dwelling in the heart of Ireland  
All the land's our home.  
Here old Ireland's life we cherish  
'Neath our holy hill;  
Here all wrath and discords perish;  
Ireland a nation still!

FULL CHORUS OF ALL PROCESSIONS:

Ireland a nation still!

*(All take their seats, grouped round the five thrones.)*

HIGH KING: Welcome to Tara! Now the hour has come  
When we in solemn council must resolve

What steps to take to save old Ireland's faith.  
Welcome, ye chiefs of Ireland—welcome all;  
Welcome, ye brehons, who expound the law;  
Welcome, ye druids, who preserve the faith!

(*To his DRUID*) Open the meeting in accustomed form.

DRUID OF MEATH: Arise, ye druids, from north, east, west, south.

(*The DRUIDS rise from their seats, and, led by the DRUID OF MEATH, turn to the north, east, west and south, raising their hands and looking at the sky.*)

THE DRUIDS (*together*): The day is propitious, the auguries are fair.

BREHON OF MEATH: The Council is opened—

(*The STEWARD comes down stage, raises his hand, checks the BREHON in the very act of speaking, attracts all eyes, creates silence by his gestures, and addresses the HIGH KING.*)

STEWARD:

Hear me, my lords,

Ye chiefs and priests of Ireland. As the dawn  
Showed in the east this day, and as we set  
The place for this great meeting, forth there flashed  
Bright flames from Slaney right across the sky,  
Reddening the heavens and startling all who saw.  
Whether by mortal or immortal hands  
The fire was lit, I know not, but the law  
Of Beltane's sacred feast by act of man  
Or act of god was broken, and I deemed  
It was my duty to acquaint ye all  
With this strange portent, 'ere the Council met.

DRUID OF ORIEL: What says the prophecy?—that from of old

Forbids the lighting of the wonted fires  
On Beltane's feast, until the sacred flame  
Is started with due rites by holy priest.  
"Whenever starts a fire on Spring's first morn,  
"Not lit by druid's hand,

"Not fed by druid's breath,  
"Not blessed by druid's prayer,"  
"The ancient faith of Ireland will give way,  
"The druid faith, before the doctrines new  
"Of the new god, who lit the fated flame."  
Therefore, the druids made the sacred law  
To save their faith from peril, that the man  
Who lights such fire shall surely die the death.  
My mind misgives me that the fatal day  
For Ireland's druid faith has dawned at last,  
And that the British preacher, whose onset  
Upon our faith has caused this Council here,  
Makes thus his challenge to our trembling fear.  
But we invoke the law.

*(Turning to the KING OF ORIEL and then to the HIGH KING.)*

My chief and I,  
Druid and King of Oriel, demand  
The instant punishment of death upon  
The sacrilegious lighter of the fire  
Of which the Steward tells us.

BREHON OF CONNAUGHT *(catching the idea from his KING, who smiles grimly)*

My chief, too,  
Demands the punishment of death, for he  
Holds that no council rightly is begun  
Without the human victim, whom our sires  
Slew to win favor from the gods above  
In the brave days of Ireland's ancient faith.

KING OF LEINSTER *(interrupting)*: Peace to such cruel counsel. I demand

That due inquiry shall be made, and that  
No man, however guilty, be condemned,  
Without a hearing; for too long have we  
Been swayed by druid priests, and bowed too long  
To barbarous customs of the savage west.

KING OF MUNSTER: For my part, this long council makes me dry.  
Give me to drink—

*(Turns to his BREHON, who gives him a cup, which he drains.)*

And let us not discuss  
Shedding men's blood and such like horrid deeds.

HIGH KING: I grant the justice of the druids' plaint;  
The law has been infringed; I, like Connaught,  
Hold close by ancient usage; but I yield  
To Leinster's plea for judgment, slow and sure.  
Give order, Brehon, for the bringing here  
At once, without delay, of all who shared  
In breaking Beltane's law on this spring morn.

BREHON OF MEATH *(to the STEWARD)*: Go towards Slaney,  
where the fire was seen,  
Taking twelve men, of whom four of thine own,  
And two selected from each chieftain's train.  
Find and bring straight before the Council here,  
Without permitting e'en the least delay,  
All who have broken the most sacred law  
By lighting fires upon the Beltane feast.

*(The STEWARD selects his men, four of his own, the four SERVANTS who were with him in the opening scene, takes two from the retainers of each of the four kings, and, marshalling them, bows to the HIGH KING and goes up the hillside; the rest watch them; the light flares up for the last time. While the STEWARD is selecting the retainers and marching up the hillside with them, the BREHON OF CONNAUGHT is still showing his indignation at the slurs cast upon the "savage west." He rises from his seat to protest.)*

BREHON OF CONNAUGHT:

We are no savages. We know full well  
That some day from the West new gods shall come.  
The oldest folk in Ireland, we recall



Old legends echoed back by sailors bold  
Whose ships have drifted to the setting sun.  
These echoes carried by the winds and waves  
Have told us that some day new gods will rise,  
That in the furthest West the Future lies.

THE SONG OF CONNAUGHT.

DRUID OF CONNAUGHT. (*sings*) :

Western the winds are,  
And western the waters,  
Where Connaught lies:  
There keen are the winds,  
And storm-tossed the waters,  
Darkling the skies.

A voice on the winds,  
A voice by the waters,  
A new spirit cries:  
"Oh! who rules these winds?  
"And who stirs these waters?  
"The old gods denies?"

Across the wild waves,  
Across western waters,  
The answer flies:  
"Beyond these fierce winds,  
"Beyond these rough waters,  
"The Future lies."

Yes: down the loud winds,  
And o'er the blue waters,  
Old Ocean replies:  
Above the high winds,  
Above the cold waters,  
Though wild be the winds,  
And rough be the waters,  
The new gods arise.

HIGH KING:        Brehon, the time has come now to discuss  
                         The matter which has led me here to call  
                         The chiefs of Ireland. Open thou the cause.

BREHON OF MEATH: Kings, brehons, druids, all, give ear,  
                         And hearken to the words that I shall say:  
                         Upon the coast of Ireland' late there came  
                         A former slave of British birth, who fled  
                         From bondage more than twenty years ago.  
                         He now returns, and, working magic spells  
                         And showing wonders, has bewitched men's minds  
                         So that they doubt the gods of olden time.  
                         Hearing these tidings, wise King Laogaire,  
                         Remembering prophecies of ancient days,  
                         And fearing for the life of druid faith,  
                         Resolved to summon here a council great,  
                         Such as is wont to meet at solemn feasts  
                         To settle matters of the common weal.  
                         The High King deems it well all should agree  
                         To face this peril with united strength.  
                         Full well he knows that Irishmen hold fast  
                         Their fathers' faith, but also well he knows  
                         Concerted action only can be had  
                         After due consultation and debate.  
                         So now he asks your counsel, one and all,  
                         To lure this British wizard to his fall.

KING OF LEINSTER: The High King knows that Irish chiefs are free,  
                         And able to take care of their own lands;  
                         His petty realm of Meath, as all men know,  
                         Exists by my forbearance, and my septs,  
                         The valiant men of Leinster, oft have shown\*  
                         That Laogaire is King in name alone  
                         Over all Ireland—

\*On the wars between Laogaire and Leinster; see Bury, p. 353.

*(The men of Meath spring from their seats with indignation, but are quieted by the HIGH KING.)*

And my counsel is  
That wizard against wizard should be set.  
This Briton brings his spells from far away;  
The druids fear him; therefore, let them show  
That they are stronger; let the contest be  
Free, without favor. When this stranger came,  
And one before him, singing the same song,  
I let them stay in Leinster, for I know  
That many men have many faiths abroad,  
And that the world is not by druids ruled.  
My people know of Britain and of Gaul;  
They know of Rome; they are not savage folk  
Of inner Ireland, who all new thoughts shun  
Because they're new; and I a kingdom rule,  
Fairest and best in Ireland, where no priest  
Opens his mouth without my leave, and where  
Druids and bards are silent and obey.

KING OF MUNSTER: "Fairest and best in Ireland!"; but I say  
That Munster fields are richer; Munster men  
Braver and happier; a land of peace,  
Where druids share their lord's repast  
And make no trouble; where the Christians,  
For so these British slaves do call themselves,  
Have long been with us, and have caused no strife.  
If this new wizard comes to spread the faith  
Of Christians, have no fear, for he will do  
No harm to Ireland's ancient joy and peace.  
If this be all the question, let us now  
Adjourn to revel, for the feast is all  
That draws us here from Munster, and, mean-  
while,  
Give me to drink, for talking fosters thirst.

*(Turns to his BREHON, who gives him the cup; he drinks, then passes it back to the BREHON, who drains it.)*

KING, BREHON *and* DRUID OF CONNAUGHT (*together*):

“Savage folk of inner Ireland!”; down, we say,  
With eastern manners and with eastern scorn.

KING OF ORIEL (*slowly and with emphasis*):

It seems, High King, we have forgot the cause  
That brought us all to Tara. And, alas!  
The usual brawling threatens Ireland's peace,  
And Ireland's factions ruin Ireland's hopes.  
We never work together, yet the times  
Are evil, and the danger now is great  
That the one thing that knits all Irish hearts,  
Our fathers' faith, may now be torn and lost.  
I reverence the gods, and I believe  
The druids are the mouthpieces of Heaven,  
Who know the past and future, and whose prayers  
Turn the wrath from us, that would surely fall  
But for the old accustomed sacrifice.  
So I would bid you hear the sacred words  
Of the most learned druid of them all,  
Whose pious life and reverend countenance  
Have won the allegiance of all Ulster men.

DRUID OF ORIEL: Friends;—chiefs, priests, bards, our Ireland's  
noblest sons,

'Tis no slight danger that confronts us now.  
I fear no preaching of the British slave;  
Our faith is firmly fixed in Heaven above.  
We druids know the truth, and I demand  
A meeting with this wizard face to face.  
But most grieves me the readiness to hear  
Strange doctrines, and the license to protect  
Strange wizards, in the east and in the south.  
Oh! let us keep our Irish faith intact.  
What matter if we fight and burn and slay  
In civil conflict—if we keep alive  
Our tribal feuds that nourish Irish wit

And Irish courage—just so long as we  
Worship the same gods, utter the same prayers,  
And cling together to our fathers' faith!  
So keep our Ireland without stain or taint—  
The land of druid faith and druid saint.

THE SONG OF ULSTER.

BREHON OF ORIEL (*sings*):

What is my faith? 'Tis the faith of my fathers.  
Who are my gods then? The gods ever true.  
What do I worship? The sweet face of Nature,  
Changing each day, ever old, ever new.

Who are my priests? The most holy of Druids.  
What do they ask for? Obedience and prayer.  
What do they give me? Pure rest and contentment,  
Comfort in trouble and solace from care.

Where do I dwell? In the bleak land of Ulster.  
Why do I love her? She's barren and cold.  
What is her charm? She inspires my devotion,  
Home of religion, that's richer than gold.

*(While the song is being sung, enter the CHIEFTAIN, and, looking around him, while the others are intent upon listening, he wanders to the center of the stage. Attention is drawn to him; the KING OF LEINSTER, who does not take much interest in the song, is the first to notice him.)*

THE CHIEFTAIN (*looking round, dazed at the crowd*):

Whence comes this multitude of ghosts of men?  
Why sings one man? Why listen all the rest?

*(Confidentially to himself)* Do they not know that all things are  
a dream?

That gladness vanishes and that dire fate  
May in a moment drown their joy in death?

KING OF LEINSTER: Who's this intruder? By his garb a chief,  
With mind distraught, a victim of great grief.

BREHON OF MEATH (*after whispering to the HIGH KING*):  
Who art thou, man of sorrow? Who art thou,  
*Victim of Care?* The High King fain would know  
Thy purpose and thy aim in coming here,  
Where Ireland's chiefs are met on Tara's Hill?

THE CHIEFTAIN (*rousing himself and looking round*):  
The High King! Ireland's chiefs! and Tara's Hill!  
What! These are men with eyes to see and hearts  
To suffer! They shall hear my winged words,  
And, while I rend their breasts with my sad tale,  
Perchance I shall find solace in my own.

BREHON OF CONNAUGHT (*at a glance from his KING*):  
What have these ravings got to do with us?  
Why stops the Council from the stated work?  
My lord demands that business be resumed.

THE CHIEFTAIN (*pulling himself together*):  
Ravings, indeed, and business forsooth!  
What stated work should Ireland's chiefs engage  
More than consideration of foul crime  
And horrid murder of defenseless babes?

(*Sensation. The BREHON OF CONNAUGHT tries to cover his KING; the ULSTER KING, BREHON and DRUID look fixedly at the CHIEFTAIN; MUNSTER shakes his head and takes a drink; the KING OF LEINSTER parts his men and prepares to step down.*)

HIGH KING: Speak, chieftain; Ireland's Council is prepared  
To listen to the tale thou hast to tell.

KING OF LEINSTER (*coming down and placing his hand on the CHIEFTAIN's shoulder*): High King, I recognize this man at last,  
A happier, braver chief there never lived  
Till care and sorrow came across his path.

THE CHIEFTAIN: Sorrow and care, aye, care and sorrow deep



When we returned at eve (*impressively*), we found  
my home

Burned, and my cattle gone; and my two babes  
Lying amidst the women's corpses, where  
The signs of strife were thickest, and their blood  
Sprinkled the ruins; and my baby girl  
Lay with her brains dashed out against the  
wall. (*Sobbing.*)

Hearing his moans, we traced my baby boy,  
Wounded but breathing, and he from my arms  
Looked up for aid I could not give to him,  
Until he died.

My wife, I knew, would not have left her babes  
Had life been in her, so we searched and searched  
Among the corpses, but 'twas all in vain,  
For horror worse than death was kept for her.

(*Pause.*)

Next morn there struggled to my ruined home,  
Sore wounded by the effort she had made,  
A little slave girl, who the dread tale told  
Of how strange men had dragged my wife away;  
Of how their leader—but I cannot tell  
The shameful story—her strength failed at last—  
Maddened at the resistance she had made,  
He slew her, after he had had his will,  
And threw her body in a mountain lake,  
That I might never see her face again. (*Pause.*)  
Since then I have wandered ever far and near  
Imagining the horror of that scene,  
And conjuring up the faces of my dead. (*Pause.*)

HIGH KING: And this was done in Ireland. Such a crime  
Pollutes the very ears of those that hear.

KING OF MUNSTER: Give him to drink; let him forget his woes.

(*The BREHON OF MUNSTER goes to the CHIEFTAIN with the cup;  
the CHIEFTAIN gently repulses him.*)



THE CHIEFTAIN: Forgetfulness cannot be thus attained.

KING OF ORIEL: Pray to the gods, man, who alone can give  
Peace and repose; perchance, for thou art young,  
Another white-armed wife may give thee joy.

THE CHIEFTAIN: I want no other wife. I want mine own—  
My very own, the wife of my young days;  
I want to see my children once again—  
Can your gods ever give them back to me?

*(The KING OF LEINSTER during the CHIEFTAIN'S recital has been watching the faces around; he has observed the conscious looks of the retainers of the KING OF CONNAUGHT; he has observed the sullen grin on the KING OF CONNAUGHT'S face; and he has guessed the truth. He now places his hand again on the CHIEFTAIN'S shoulder.)*

KING OF LEINSTER: Hast thought of vengeance, man? Who did this crime?

THE CHIEFTAIN: Vengeance? But who should wish to injure me?  
No man could ever wish to injure her?  
She was so good. And who had heart to hurt  
My little children, innocent and sweet?  
It must have been the gods or fiends from hell.  
Trouble not me with vain imaginings!

*(The KING OF LEINSTER gently turns the CHIEFTAIN round and points to the KING OF CONNAUGHT, who is grinning at the scene.)*

KING OF LEINSTER: Look there!

*(The CHIEFTAIN catches his meaning and grasps the truth.)*

THE CHIEFTAIN: What! Can my King have done this thing?  
My old, my trusted friend, with whom I played  
In childhood's days—who honored me—and her!  
I'll tear his life from out his grinning soul!  
Let me have vengeance.

*(The CHIEFTAIN rushes at the KING OF CONNAUGHT with his knife drawn; the KING continues to grin sardonically; the CHIEFTAIN rushes up the steps of his throne; the BREHON OF CONNAUGHT receives the blow and is wounded, but he throws himself on the CHIEFTAIN and saves his KING. The CHIEFTAIN is secured; at a sign from the HIGH KING, the KING OF LEINSTER takes charge of the CHIEFTAIN, and some of the LEINSTER MEN headed by the BREHON OF LEINSTER hustle him off the stage.)*

*As the excitement subsides the first notes are heard from the top of the hill, and PATRICK appears with his procession, namely, the escort under the STEWARD, the CRUCIFER and eight MISSIONARIES. The crowd on the stage turn and look at the descending procession; the followers of PATRICK chant the first three verses of the Easter Hymn, the "Pange Lingua." When the procession reaches the stage, PATRICK takes the center with his CRUCIFER and the eight MISSIONARIES; the escort falls back and its members go to their proper places; the STEWARD addresses the HIGH KING.)*

STEWARD:           This is the man, High King, who lit the fire.  
                          We found him making a strange sacrifice,  
                          Clad in strange raiment, with these followers,  
                          Chanting strange incantations, and we brought  
                          Him hither straightway, as the order ran.

BREHON OF MEATH (*to PATRICK*): Who art thou? What thy name?  
  And thy degree?

PATRICK:           Hither I come to preach the Cross of Christ.  
                          Sucat my British, Patrick my Roman name.\*  
                          Britain my birth place,† where my father was  
                          A Roman citizen of high degree;  
                          A Roman magistrate in place of trust;  
                          A Christian deacon active in the Church.  
                          Myself in boyhood Irish pirates seized  
                          And sold to slavery in far Connaught.‡

\* On the names of Patrick; see Bury, pp. 23, 291.

† On the birthplace of Patrick; see Bury, pp. 322-325.

‡ On the place of Patrick's servitude; see Bury, pp. 27-30, 334-336.

Six years I served my master tending flocks,  
And eating bitter bread of bondage,—

KING OF CONNAUGHT (*interrupting*): What!

A slave from Connaught! Then I claim this man.  
Give him to me. He'll trouble us no more.

KING OF ORIEL: A slave from Connaught! As I heard the tale,  
This Patrick was the slave of old Miliucc  
In Ulster, and upon returning there,  
After long absence, brought down fire from  
Heaven

To burn his ancient home of servitude;  
Or, as some say, Miliucc destroyed himself  
After the landing of his former slave.

PATRICK: It matters not. For six long years I toiled,  
Exile from Britain, lost to kith and kin,  
Far from the Empire of immortal Rome,  
Hearing no church bell in a heathen land,  
Where my soul starved for lack of sacred food.  
And then I fled—

KING OF CONNAUGHT (*interrupting*): A slave escaped from me!  
Give him to me, High King; I'll deal with him.

PATRICK (*ignoring the interruption*):

I found a ship upon the Leinster coast,  
Laden with Irish wolf-hounds; thanks to God,  
The sailors rough received the fugitive.  
Led by His hand, I traversed stormy seas  
And desert lands until in Southern Gaul  
My soul found rest in Lérins' holy isle.  
Rude and uncultured was I; all the years  
Most fit for study and for learning's joys  
In servile labors had been spent; and I  
With toilsome effort learned to read and write.  
But, as I grew to manhood, more and more  
God called to me in a peculiar way,  
And in my dreams He oft reminded me

Of Ireland and of her light-hearted sons,  
Whose merry jests and kindly spoken words  
Had eased my many years of servitude.  
A kindly people, but without the faith  
And without knowledge of the Most High God,  
And of His Son, who died upon the Cross.  
But, most of all, in dreams there called to me  
The little unborn children of Fochlad,  
Doomed not to know the Gospel of the Christ,  
Nor hope for their salvation. I resolved,  
Poor and unlettered though I was, to preach  
The Gospel to them, for their little hands  
Tugged at my heart strings.

KING OF ORIEL: Truly this man's tale  
Affects me as a tale of simple truth.

DRUID OF ORIEL: But see you not, my lord, that he attacks  
Ireland's religion, while he moves your heart.

KING OF CONNAUGHT: He is my slave; give him to me, I say.

PATRICK (*unmoved*): So I resolved to preach the Gospel here;  
And hence from Ireland drive the demons forth  
That druids call to batten on mankind.  
It happened that the Christians in this land,  
The few that live as slaves in the far south—

KING OF MUNSTER: These are the Christians that I spoke about  
(*smiles and drinks*).

PATRICK: Were sheep without a shepherd, and they fell  
Into Pelagian heresy, so that  
Peter's successor, Bishop of great Rome—

KING OF LEINSTER: I thought the hand of Rome would soon be  
seen.

Although her Empire vanishes on land,  
Through this new faith she now rules o'er men's  
souls.

We Leinster men know much of Roman might  
(*conceitedly*).

PATRICK (*continuing patiently and courteously*):

Peter's successor sent a bishop forth  
To visit the neglected Munster flock;  
Palladius was his name; last year he came—  
But died before his mission was fulfilled.\*

KING OF LEINSTER: We heard of him in Leinster, where he died;  
A harmless preacher of a harmless faith.

PATRICK: And then the Lord chose me, the former slave,  
To do His bidding and to travel here  
To found His Church in Ireland, and to preach  
Christ crucified upon the Cross—to you.

BREHON OF MEATH: Why did you light the fire on Beltane's feast?  
Do you not know the law which makes it crime.

PATRICK: The law I knew; the prophecy likewise.  
And, since I come to drive the demons forth  
And break the druid power, I challenged thus  
Their ancient custom, and defied their wrath.  
It happened further that this morning was  
The Easter morn, and on this holy day  
We Christians celebrate the Paschal feast  
Which Christ, our Lord, founded before His death.  
In the full robes a Christian bishop wears  
I did mine office; as the fire I lit,  
A little flame, it shot up to the skies  
And reddened all the heavens, thus showing well  
The challenge I intend to issue forth.  
And now, High King, most mighty Laogaire,  
Son of great Niall, I am eager to contend  
With all the druids, and to show that Christ,  
My Master dear, who died upon the Cross,  
Has sent me here to save your souls from hell.  
Give me the chance to prove my God is truth.

\* On the mission of Palladius to Ireland in. 431; see Bury, pp. 54-58, 342-344.

KING OF CONNAUGHT: Give me the slave; I'll slay him and his  
band,

And we can feast and revel till the dawn,  
Without the need of further listening.

KING OF ORIEL: Nay; I would hear the words he hath to say:  
Though how a god, who died upon a cross,  
Can be a God of Truth is hard to see.

DRUID OF ORIEL: Disgrace it would be, after this fierce speech,  
Not to take up his challenge and to show  
How weak his power against the druid faith.

PATRICK: Ready I stand for challenge or for death—  
A martyr's death would be for me a crown.

KING OF LEINSTER: For my part I would see this Roman priest  
Fight 'gainst the druids with his magic spells.

(PATRICK *moves forward to speak.*)

BREHON OF MUNSTER: My master bids me say that he demands  
The Council do adjourn until such time,  
As having feasted well, we may decide  
What steps to take; a dry and thirsty man  
Cannot do justice or even keep awake.

KING OF ORIEL: It is, besides, our Irish fashion old  
To give due thought upon such questions twice—  
In morning light and after midday feast.

BREHON OF MEATH: My lord, the King, decrees that we adjourn.  
He has prepared a mighty feast for all,  
And bids all be his guests. After the feast  
We will our wonted revels hold, and spend  
The hours in pleasure; then, when evening comes,  
We will return and settle this dispute;  
For wisdom's part is to do naught in haste,  
But settle all things after due debate.

HIGH KING: Welcome are guests to Tara's banquet hall.  
Steward, take charge of Patrick and his band.  
Music, strike up! we'll march to our repast.

CHORUS OF RETREAT.

FULL CHORUS:

Let us march with joy and singing,  
Revel high to hold;  
Let us keep the hillside ringing,  
As was done of old;  
For all Ireland's life we cherish,  
'Neath our holy hill;  
Now may wrath and discord perish!  
Ireland a nation still!  
Ireland a nation still!

(PATRICK takes the center of the stage. Singing the CHORUS OF RETREAT, the five processions march off the stage in the same direction, with the HIGH KING closing the march; the KINGS regard PATRICK with anger, contempt, interest, sympathy or dignity, according to their respective characters. As the music of the CHORUS OF RETREAT dies away, PATRICK turns to his followers, the Cross is raised, the followers of PATRICK chant the first verse of the "Pange Lingue" unaccompanied, and the MISSIONARIES are led by the STEWARD off the stage. The stage darkens.)

INTERMEZZO.

## Scene II.

(The evening of the same day. Enter the STEWARD OF THE HIGH KING, the four SERVANTS and the RETAINERS of the HIGH KING, bearing torches.)

STEWARD:           Now that the feast is o'er, the revels closed,  
The chiefs will soon return, and I must go  
To bring forth Patrick and his followers  
To plead their cause before the Irish kings.

(*To the SERVANTS*) Arrange the torches so that all may see,  
And make the evening seem as bright as day.

(*The RETAINERS arrange torches and light braziers. Exit the STEWARD. Noise heard without.*)

FIRST SERVANT: Here come the revellers! Right in their midst  
The jolly King of Munster and his friends.

SECOND SERVANT: The good cheer that a feast at Tara gives  
Has made all merry and not least the King.

ENTRANCE OF REVELLERS.

(*Enter the RETAINERS, tumultuously and not in processions, led by the DRUID OF LEINSTER. After them, enter the KING OF MUNSTER, supported by his BREHON and DRUID. He is heavily intoxicated and is led to his seat. In the midst of the crowd is seen the KING OF CONNAUGHT, who is fighting drunk, and who is guarded by his BREHON and DRUID, until he, too, reaches his seat. When the music closes all is in picturesque confusion.*)

FIRST SERVANT: A song! A song! Let's have a song from Munster.

SECOND SERVANT: The Munster men have always drunk the most  
And sung the best of all true Irishmen.  
A drinking song from Munster, I demand.

(*Cries from the RETAINERS: "A song!" "A song!" "A song from Munster!" The DRUID OF MUNSTER looks at the KING, receives a nod of assent, and helps the BREHON OF MUNSTER down from his seat and pushes him to the center of the stage; the DRUID then climbs staggering to his seat by the KING. The CHORUS gather round the BREHON OF MUNSTER.*)

DRINKING SONG AND CHORUS.

BREHON OF MUNSTER (*sings*):

Old Ireland's the land of song and dance,  
The land where the stranger may see at a glance  
That good liquor mellows our hearts and our brains,  
In a way that no foreigners' liquor attains;



For it ripens and lightens and frees us from care,  
It banishes sorrow and drives out despair ;  
Then let us step quicker,  
There's no other liquor,  
With ours can at all compare,  
With ours can at all compare !

CHORUS:       The chiefs' return will call us away from our  
                  jollity,  
So fill your cups and give yourselves up to fri-  
                  volity,  
We'll drink till we wink and blink and sink,  
Like Irishmen unafraid.

BREHON OF MUNSTER :

Old Ireland's the home of wit and fun,  
Where welcome is given to every one,  
Who takes in good part both the laugh and the jest,  
And never bears malice or wrath in his breast.  
It's the land where good fellowship breathes in  
                  the air,  
And all men are ready their fortunes to share ;  
Though friends may be many,  
There cannot be any,  
With ours can at all compare,  
With ours can at all compare.

CHORUS:       The chiefs' return, etc.

BREHON OF MUNSTER :

Old Ireland has many a chief and sage,  
Whom our taste for good liquor does often enrage ;  
They blame the good "Creature," and lecture, and  
                  scold,  
Forgetting it makes us all reckless and bold ;  
It excites our wild natures with courage so rare,  
That an Irishman's ready all perils to dare ;

There may be feet lighter,  
But there's not a fighter  
With us can at all compare,  
With us can at all compare.

CHORUS:           The chiefs' return, etc.

*(As the CHORUS ends and the BREHON OF MUNSTER goes back to his seat, some of the RETAINERS go to their places, leaving a clear stage. Enter the KING OF LEINSTER, who smiles indulgently on the scene and goes to his place. Enter the KING OF ORIEL, with his BREHON and DRUID; he sadly shakes his head at the scene of tumult and goes to his seat. The four SERVANTS and some of the RETAINERS have not perceived the entrance of the KINGS and move about excitedly.)*

FIRST SERVANT: A dance! A dance! What's song without a dance!

SECOND SERVANT: As Ireland has her songs, she has her dances,  
Unrivalled in their merriment and grace.  
Come, let the best among you dance for us.

*(Eight Dancers step forward, two from Munster, Ulster, Connaught and Leinster respectively.)*

#### IRISH DANCE.

*(When the music closes and during the applause that follows the dance, enter the HIGH KING, with the BREHON and DRUID OF MEATH, conducted by the STEWARD. He smiles at the scene and goes to his seat. The CHORUS and RETAINERS settle to their places of the morning session.)*

BREHON OF MEATH *(raising his voice)*:

The time for revelry has now expired.  
The High King bids that silence be proclaimed.

*(Gradual settling down of the crowd under the urging of the STEWARD. The KING OF MUNSTER and the KING OF CONNAUGHT*

*fall into drunken sleep. But after their drinking, dancing and revelling, the retainers cannot entirely settle down at once.)*

The High King begs our sacred singer here,  
Druid of Erin, now to sing the song,  
Which cheers the hearts of loyal Irishmen  
More than the utterances of drunken joy.

THE SONG OF ERIN.

DRUID OF MEATH (*sings*):

Dear is the island, the land of our mothers,  
Dear is the land where our forefathers died;  
Dear is the country where all men are brothers—  
Great is our love for her, great is our pride.  
Love for her meadows fair,  
Love for her mountains bare,  
Love for the marsh land and love for the glen.  
Pride in her gallant sons,  
Pride that each heart o'erruns—  
Land of pure women and land of brave men.

CHORUS:

'Tis Erin, dear Erin,  
The green isle of Erin,  
The island of Erin, that all of us love;  
We'd fight for her honored name,  
We'd die for her righteous fame—  
The island of Erin that all of us love.

Though we are ready to anger each other,  
We quickly forgive when the harsh word is by;  
But if Erin's insulted by one or another  
Gladly we'd fight for her, gladly we'd die:  
Fight for her ancient laws,  
Fight in her freedom's cause,

Fight for her over and over again,  
Die for her honored name,  
Die for her righteous fame—  
The land of pure women and land of brave men.

CHORUS: 'Tis Erin, dear Erin, etc.

*(While the last chorus is being sung, the STEWARD, who has left during the song, returns conducting PATRICK and his followers, who take up a position in the center of the stage, the CRUCIFER holding up the Cross. At the same time the BREHON OF LEINSTER brings in the CHIEFTAIN, who seats himself moodily below the KING OF LEINSTER, alternately glancing fiercely at the KING OF CON-NAUGHT and brooding in a melancholy fashion. The COUNCIL settles itself. PATRICK faces the HIGH KING.)*

BREHON OF MEATH: Now we will listen to the argument

Made to us by this former British slave.

(To PATRICK) The High King bids you speak, but bids you fear  
How you insult belief in holy things.

The druids here will quick refute your words,  
Unless you prove the truth of what you say.

PATRICK: I come to tell you of a living God.

I come to tell you of His Son, who died  
Upon the Cross, to cleanse you of your sins.

I come to tell you of a faith that spread  
O'er all the world of men—a faith that spread

Despite of persecution, and the death

Of many martyrs: until Rome herself,

Head of the world, drove out her native gods

And those she borrowed from the mystic East—

Isis, the Mighty Mother, Mithra, all—

And worshipped humbly at the Cross of Christ.

The Roman Empire, which includes the bounds

Of all the civilized world, is Christian now,

And hopes this distant island, which refused

To bow to Roman strength, will recognize  
And seize on Roman wisdom—

KING OF LEINSTER (*interrupting*):                      What said I?

When first this man spoke to us I declared  
It was a scheme of Roman statesmen wise,  
Who could not conquer Ireland, to ensnare  
Her valiant peoples into bondage deep.

(*To PATRICK*)      We do not want your Rome, your Roman peace,  
Your Roman roads, your Roman laws, and all  
That makes your Roman Empire, for we love  
Our Irish freedom and our Irish chiefs.  
Britain has lost its heart, and holds out hands  
In suppliant prayer for help when we invade,  
And cannot help herself; and we will not  
Give up our ancient gods, if that implies  
End of our freedom and our liberties.  
We Irishmen are free and will obey  
None but our native princes and our laws.

PATRICK:              Alas, my lord, I did not mean to rouse  
So great a storm of protest, but I say  
That without settled peace and settled laws,  
Such as Rome gives its subjects, none can hope  
That Ireland ever will her freedom keep.  
Unless she rules herself, and she unites  
Her chiefs and peoples in a common bond  
Of civil wisdom in a mighty state,  
Dissensions fierce will tear her chiefs apart  
And make them subject to a foreign race,  
Whose hand will heavier be than that of Rome.  
But, let us not waste time in vain debate;  
My Gospel teaches true obedience  
To chiefs and kings, and ever to repay  
To Cæsar what is Cæsar's. Let me now  
Turn rather to the law of temperance.  
The Irish nature, in its love of life,

Rejects restraint and bubbles o'er with joy  
Or sadness; ye refuse to limit cheer,  
And in excess find all your merriment,  
Just as to sudden wrath ye give yourselves,  
Or sudden grief. Look round you now, my lords,  
And see the heavy stupor which has come  
Upon the wild rejoicing, shouting crowd  
Which filled this place a little hour ago.  
My Gospel teaches temperance, and would  
Drive from your land the curse of drunkenness.

KING OF MUNSTER: The curse of drunkenness! Come, my good man,  
You know not what you say. Take a deep draught,

(*Offering cup*) And you will not repeat those foolish words.  
The gods gave us good liquor, and with it  
Forgetfulness of sorrow for a while,  
And brilliant dreams which banish heavy care;  
And make the poor forget their poverty,  
The sick their sickness, and the sad their grief.

PATRICK (*smiling*): But when the waking comes, and the dreams end  
In horrid visions of fantastic shapes  
Of snakes, and bats, and crawling, grinning toads.  
Then do you think of holy temperance  
And promise to abstain till the next time  
Temptation tries your will. I promise you,  
That if you sober be and quite abstain  
From liquor, you shall never harbor snakes  
In Ireland, for I will them straight expel.

DRUID OF MUNSTER: Abstain from liquor, give up the best gift  
The gods bestowed! If it be such a sin  
To drink good liquor, wherefore does the earth  
And fruitful Nature let the liquor be  
And with it grateful thirst to savor it?  
If this thy teaching be, then I remain  
True to the ancient gods of tolerance  
And kindness to the weakness of mankind (*drinks*).

PATRICK :           A God of chastity I bring to you ;  
                          A God of peace on earth, who would put down  
                          The cruel wars which ravish Irish lands  
                          And wreak such havoc among Irish folk.  
                          I preach a God who hates the murderous  
                          And savage customs of your tribal wars,  
                          And would make Ireland 'neath his gentle sway  
                          A fertile and a smiling land of peace.

KING OF CONNAUGHT (*abruptly*): Peace didst thou say? Ireland,  
                          a land of peace!

                          Why Irishmen love fighting most of all ;  
                          We joy in battle, and the strongest man  
                          Gets women, cattle and the ripe rewards  
                          Of valour ; and for my part I despise  
                          Your prating talk of peace and chastity (*sneering*).

PATRICK (*indignantly*): I argue not with vile and vicious men,  
                          Who make parade of passions, and who speak  
                          In sneering boastful words ; for such as you  
                          My God provides a hell of fire and flame,  
                          Worse than your false gods ever did conceive  
                          Or their false priests, the druids ; and we all  
                          Should suffer in eternal hell, had not  
                          The Son of God Himself come down to earth,  
                          And died a shameful death upon the Cross,  
                          To save all those who do repent their sins  
                          And trust in Him.

KING OF ORIEL :                               Did your god live on earth  
                          And die a shameful death? Then those who slew  
                          Were mightier than he. A hero god,  
                          As some we worship, or sweet Nature's self,  
                          Never can die, but, oft renewing life,  
                          Gives signs to us of life beyond the grave.  
                          The trees above us speak of Nature's god ;  
                          Their soaring height that ever seeks the sun

Draws our eyes upward, when we would adore;  
Their length of years and calm, majestic growth  
Rebuke our petty love for earth-born days.  
What sort of hero was your Son of God  
Who lived on earth and died?

PATRICK: No warrior He;

A man of sorrows, who loved all mankind  
And with his life atoned for all their sins.

KING OF ORIEL: Worship a dead man, that I cannot do.  
Our gods are young and beautiful, or else  
Aged and splendid; and to us they are  
The mysteries of life and death; they show  
In each returning year fair Nature's work  
Upon the earth, or else explain the strange  
And haunting fancies of the minds of men.  
Shall we renounce them all and in their place  
Take the pale shadow of a god that died,  
And could not save himself?

DRUID OF ORIEL: But worse than all  
For this dead man we're asked to throw away  
Our fathers' faith, that faith which we have held  
Throughout the life of Erin, which has made  
Erin the last home of druidic lore,  
Where free from Rome and free from foreign foes  
The ancient worship has been firmly fixed.

(To PATRICK) What can you give us in exchange for this?  
What consolation for abandonment  
Of what our fathers taught, our mothers loved?

PATRICK (*solemnly*): Immortal life I promise to all those  
Who trust in God and in His only Son,  
Who died upon the Cross, immortal life  
In Heaven, where all believers, after death,  
Shall see His face, and praise and bless His name.  
But for the wicked and those who refuse  
To hear His Gospel, I most solemnly,



As priest of God and Bishop in His Church,  
Declare eternal punishment in Hell,  
Where flames shall torture, and where, worst of all,  
They ne'er shall look upon the face of God.

HIGH KING: But, Patrick, is this fearful fate prescribed  
For those, who never had the chance to hear  
Your teaching, for the little unborn babes,  
Like those of Fochlad, whose sweet memory  
Made you come hither, or for those of old,  
Who lived and died in the druidic faith,  
Our fathers and the heroes of the past?

PATRICK (*troubled*): Most High King, son of Niall, great Laogaire  
I know not how to answer. I'm unskilled  
And quite unlearned, so I leave to God  
The solving of such problems as you set.  
I know that God is mighty and is just  
And do not fear to leave to Him the fate  
Of those who have not heard His blessed word.

HIGH KING: I cannot leave my question. You must tell  
The answer. Could I bear to be in Heaven,  
The Heaven of Christians, while my father lay  
In torture of such flames as you describe  
Burn in the Christian Hell, or would I choose  
To spend eternity in any place,  
Where great Cuchulainn, Ireland's hero famed,  
Is not revered? Answer that question straight!

PATRICK: The God, whom I adore, to whom I pray  
Shall answer the appeal. "O God on High!"

(*Ecstatically praying*): "Help Thy poor servant to uphold Thy  
cause

"And give a sign from Heaven, that these great  
kings,

"These chiefs of Ireland, may Thy power behold

"And come to trust in Thee, the living God,

"And in the mercy of Thy blessed Son."



DRUID OF ORIEL : If thou art the Cuchulainn that we praise,  
Whose deeds we sing in Ulster, where the songs  
Of the Red Branch are written to thy fame,  
Tell all these waiting souls the druids' truth  
And scorn to answer to this wizard's words.

PATRICK (*slowly*) : Spirit of eld, the High King Laogaire  
Will not believe in God the Father's love,  
Nor in His Son, nor in the Holy Ghost,  
And will not hear my word, until he knows  
Whither thy spirit fled upon thy death,  
For he desires to be where thou dost rule.

APPARITION : Great was my courage, hard as was my sword,  
Yet down to Hell my soul was carried off  
To suffer in red fire.

PATRICK : Oh, tell the king,  
Oh! tell King Laogaire, tell all within  
The hearing of thy voice, that God is good  
And does but seek the soul of men to save.  
Tell them to look for mercy and to pray  
That they may meet each other in the Heaven  
Thou may'st not enter.

APPARITION (*to* HIGH KING) : Listen, thou, to me  
And save thy soul from death by heeding well  
The message of the servant loved of God,  
The Bishop Patrick.

(APPARITION *disappears; silence for a moment.*)

KING OF LEINSTER : Did I not say true  
That this was clever magic?

THE CHIEFTAIN (*at last making up his mind to speak*) :  
Did I hear  
That we could meet each other after death?

PATRICK : Yea, weary soul, God's grace is infinite,  
And He loves all His creatures, great and small,  
And would not have them perish. Who art thou?

**THE CHIEFTAIN:**                               Thou say'st right  
A man unhappy, who in one short day  
Lost all that makes life worth the living; all  
The joy went out of me the day I lost  
My wife and babes; they died; and I am left  
Alone with grief.

DRUID OF ORIEL (*furiously*): This false magician is making converts now.

Look how he stoops towards him and entreats  
His listening ears! Look how the stupid crowd  
Is filled with pity and forgets this rank  
And wicked blasphemy against the gods.  
I cannot bear it.

(The DRUID OF ORIEL rushes furiously at PATRICK, but the CHIEFTAIN intercepts the blow and is struck down. The DRUID drops his knife. General excitement. The KING OF LEINSTER pushes forward. Even the KING OF MUNSTER rises from his seat. Only the KING OF CONNAUGHT continues to grin sardonically. The STEWARD tries to restore order. The KING OF ORIEL seizes his DRUID.)

38

Help me, my father ; set me on the road  
That leads to Christian Heaven. Tell me the way.

PATRICK : Forgive, that thou may'st truly be forgiven ;  
Forgive thine enemies.

THE CHIEFTAIN : Yes, all except  
The King of Connaught. I cannot forgive  
The King of Connaught.

PATRICK : Look, my son, upon  
The Cross, and think what Christ had to forgive.

*(The CHIEFTAIN grows weaker, and is supported with difficulty by the KINGS OF ORIEL and LEINSTER ; the HIGH KING comes down from his seat with his DRUID and BREHON. The KING OF CONNAUGHT comes down closely surrounded by his RETAINERS, fearing violence.)*

THE CHIEFTAIN : Him also I forgive. *(Pause.)* But I lose strength.  
My eyes are growing dim. I cannot see  
The Cross of Christ.

*(The CRUCIFER holds it before him.)*

Father, I cannot see  
The Cross of Christ *(excitedly)*. Shall I be shut  
outside

The gates of Heaven? Make me to see the Cross,—  
For I must meet my wife and babes again.

PATRICK *(deeply moved)* : This, my first convert, gives his life for me,  
And can I not a miracle perform  
To aid his dying sight? If God could bring  
A Ghost from Hell, at my beseeching Him,  
Will He not listen to my prayers again,  
And set the symbol of salvation high  
Upon the Hill of Tara, as a sign  
That God has come to Ireland to remain  
And make this favored land the Isle of Saints.

*(PATRICK blesses the CHIEFTAIN, falls on his knees, and looks ecstatically up the hillside. As the "Veni Creator" begins, the*

*torches and lights on the stage go out and a great white Cross comes out far up the hillside; all fall on their knees, except the HIGH KING and the five DRUIDS; the CHIEFTAIN staggers to his feet, sees the Cross and falls back dead. As the "Veni Creator" closes in the finale of the music, the followers of PATRICK carry out the body of the CHIEFTAIN. As the music closes, the Cross goes out and the hillside is lit up, while the stage is slowly cleared.)*

## **SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC**





## Synopsis of the Music

The Prelude to *St. Patrick at Tara* opens with a long sustained note on the double basses with a suggestion of the St. Patrick theme or *Veni Creator* played by the 'cellos—later by the brass and wood-wind:



This theme is heard again towards the close of the Prelude scored for full orchestra and signifying the triumph of the Christian faith over that of Nature-worship. After forty bars another theme is heard on the wood-wind, accompanied by muted violins, which is intended to suggest the beauty and peace of Nature:



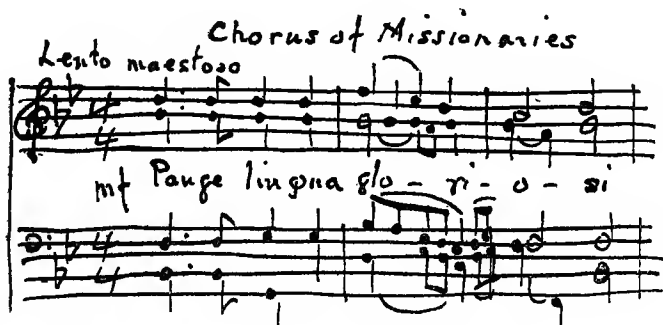
At a certain point this is interrupted by a succession of chromatic chords ending in an abrupt stop which is intended to suggest the tragic end of the Chieftain. This is followed by a few sustained chords on the low notes of the wood-wind suggesting gloom and despair which, however, soon give place to a religious atmosphere which gradually increases until the *Veni Creator* theme is triumphantly announced by the full orchestra and gradually diminishing to a pianissimo ending.

Early in the play, after an introduction of fourteen bars, the King of Leinster enters with his retainers who sing in unison:



This is followed by the other kings and their escorts each singing in turn and finally uniting in singing "Ireland a nation still."

The next entry is that of St. Patrick and his eight missionaries who chant the Easter hymn *Pange Lingua*:



At the close of Scene I. the march is again heard and is taken up by the chorus who sing as they make their exit.

The Intermezzo is intended to prepare the audience for the revelry with which Scene II. opens. After an introduction of sixteen bars the following theme is announced on the clarinet accompanied by *pizzicato* strings:



A rollicking theme—



brings on the revellers and also serves to introduce a jig:



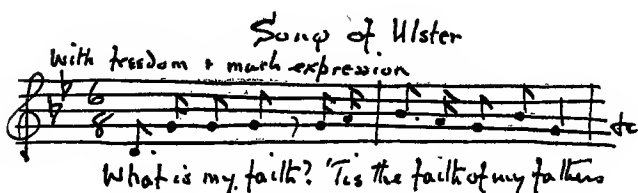
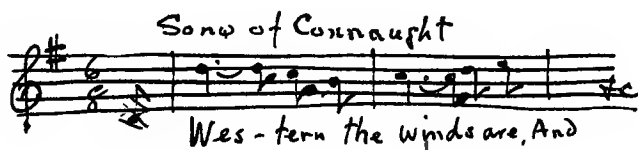
Later on, at a signal from St. Patrick, the missionaries chant the *Veni Creator*—



unaccompanied, which is followed by a few bars of orchestral music built on the same theme which is played during the appearance of the Apparition.

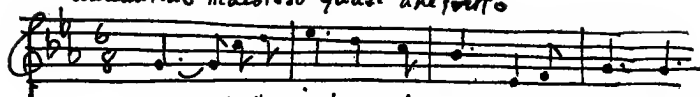
The finale is also constructed on the above theme beginning very softly and finally swelling into a triumphant burst of praise.

During the play four songs are sung (two with chorus). The following are fragments of the themes:



Song of Erin

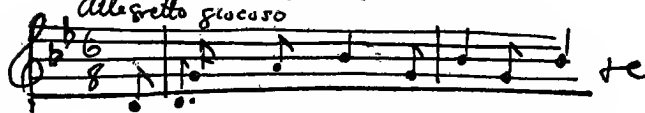
*andantino maestoso quasi allegretto*



Dear is the island the land of our mothers

Drinking Song and Chorus

*Allegretto giocoso*



Old Ireland the land of song and dance

W. A. S.



## NOTES





## Note to Page 36

### THE APPARITION OF CUCHULAINN.

"In the *Phantom Chariot of Cuchulainn* it is related that Patrick went to Tara to enjoin belief upon the King of Erin, upon Laogaire, son of Niall, for he was King of Erin at the time, and would not believe in the Lord, though he had preached unto him. 'By no means will I believe in thee, nor yet in God,' said the heathen monarch to the saint, 'until thou shalt call up Cuchulainn in all his dignity, as he is recorded in the old stories, that I may see him, and that I may address him in my presence here; after that I will believe in thee.' Upon this St. Patrick conjured up the hero, so that he appeared to the King in his chariot as of old." \* \* \*

### WORDS OF CUCHULAINN TO KING LAOGAIRE.

(*Literally translated from the Irish.*)

"My little body was scarred—  
With Lugaid the victory:  
Demons carried off my soul  
Into the red charcoal.

"I played the swordlet on them,  
I plied on them the gae-bolga;  
I was in my concert victory  
With the demon in pain.

"Great as was my heroism,  
Hard as was my sword,  
The devil crushed me with one finger  
Into the red charcoal."

"The tale consistently enough concludes that 'great was the power of Patrick in awakening Cuchulainn, after being nine fifty years in the grave.'"

—*The Literature of the Celts: its History and Romance*, by Magnus Maclean, M. A., D. Sc.  
pp. 171, 172. London, Glasgow and Dublin,  
1902.

## Note on the Costumes

In devising costumes for a play dealing with Ireland in the fifth century one is confronted with a discouraging paucity of data. The ordinary books on costume give only certain generalizations on "Celtic" costume, and numerous books on Irish archæology, at first consulted, were either entirely silent on the subject of dress, or yielded information as vague as it was meagre.

Working from analogy in Celtic costume is not wholly satisfactory in that the abundant evidence we possess of design distinctively native in ornaments and implements among the ancient Irish would seem to connote characteristics equally underived in their dress. Further research proved this to be the fact.

The most important consideration in designing costumes for the stage is to suggest through them the attributes of the characters represented and to aid in expressing visually their emotional content. Archæological accuracy is of value only as a working basis; if carried out with scrupulous exactitude, it leaves no room for the exercise of fancy, in the expression of which a certain quality of creativeness may reside. In the present instance, therefore, the scarcity of data afforded not only an opportunity for the exercise of fancy, but rendered it imperative.

The distribution of color among the retinues of the five kings conforms with the directions given in his play by Professor Stephens, but, as he states in his preface, it is quite arbitrary.

It was after the task had been begun with these conditions in view, *i. e.*, the scarcity of data and the restriction of an assigned color-scheme, that two works were found which supplied an abundance of such information as would insure the necessary degree of historical accuracy.

Regarding the main facts, quotations from these authorities follow:

The dress of the ancient Irish consisted of the *truis* or straight *bracca*, the long *cota*, the *cochal*, the *canabhas*, the *barrad* and the *brog*.

The *truis* or straight *bracca* was made of weft with various colors running on it in stripes or divisions. It covered the ankles, legs and thighs.

The *cota* was a kind of shirt made of thin woollen stuff plaided, or of linen dyed yellow.

The *cochal* or *cocula* was the upper garment, a kind of long cloak with a large hanging collar or hood of different colors \* \* \* and was fringed with a border-like shagged hair; and being brought over the shoulders was fastened on the breast by a clasp.

The *canabhas* or *filliad* was a large loose garment not unlike the *cochal* and probably worn as its substitute.

The *barrad* was a conical cap. \* \* \* The cone of the *barrad* usually hung behind.

The first innovation in the Irish dress, after the Milesian invasion, took place (if our annals are to be credited) in the reign of Tighernmas, A. M. 2815. This prince we are told ordained a sumptuary law called *ilbreachta* according to which the different classes of the people were to be distinguished by the number of colors in their garments—thus: the peasantry and soldiers were to wear garments of one color; military officers and private gentlemen, of two; commanders of battalions, of three; *beatachs*, *buighnibbs*, or keepers of houses of hospitality, of four; the principal nobility and knights, of five; the *ollahms* or dignified bards, of six; and the kings and princes of the blood, seven.

—*An Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish*, by Joseph C. Walker, Dublin, 1788.

Both men and women wore the hair long, and commonly flowing down the back and shoulders.

The fashion of wearing the beard varied. Sometimes it was considered becoming to have it long and forked, and gradually narrowed to two points below.

There were various kinds of gold and silver ornaments for wearing round the neck, of which perhaps the best known was the torque.

We know from the best authorities that at the time of the invasion—i. e. in the twelfth century—the Irish used no armour.

—*A Social History of Ancient Ireland*, by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., M. R. I. A., London, Longmans, Green & Co., 1903.

P. G.



# **THE CREMATION OF CARE**



# **The Cremation of Care**

Arranged and Directed by W. H. SMITH, JR.

Bohemia.....J. Dennis Arnold

A Wordling.....W. H. Smith, Jr.

Pall-bearers, Choristers.

Invocation music by W. J. McCoy.

Illumination by EDWARD J. DUFFEY.





**THE SUNDAY-MORNING  
CONCERT**



# The Sunday-Morning Concert

10 o'clock, August 8, 1909.

WM. J. MCCOY, Conductor

## PROGRAMME.

1. M. MOZSKOWSKI—*Einzugs Marsch*, from "Boabdil."
2. WALLACE A. SABIN—Selections from "St. Patrick at Tara."  
(a) Prelude  
(b) Intermezzo  
(CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER.)
3. RICHARD WAGNER—*Siegfried Idylle*.
4. FRANZ DOPPLER—*L'Oiseau des Bois*, op. 24, for flute and four horns.  
FLUTE—Mr. Oesterreicher  
HORNS—Messrs. Huske, Bergenholz, Tillman and Klotz
5. ARTHUR FARWELL—Dawn, (a phantasy for orchestra after an Indian legend).  

NOTE.—Nonbanonzhin, an aged man of the Omaha tribe, every day at dawn ascended a hill and sang, "With the Dawn I Seek Thee." As this was the hour of the singing of love songs by the Omahas, the song came to be known as the "Old Man's Love Song." In the composition it is regarded as an invocation to the dawn.

(CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER.)
6. ARTHUR FOOTE—Romance for Violin.  
MR. EUGENE NOWLAND and Orchestra.
7. JOHANN STRAUSS—Concert Waltz: *Seid Umschlungen Millionen*.

Concert master: MR. J. E. JOSEPHS.









